

The two Faithful Lovers.

To the Tune of, *Franklin is fled.*



Man.

Farewel my Hearts delight,
Lady adue;
I now must take my flight,
what ere issue.
My Countrymen I see,
cannot yet agree,
Since it will no better be,
England farewell:

Maid.

Be not so unkind,
Heart, Love, and Joy,
To leave me here behind
by Gods my annoy:
I have a patient heart,
I'll help to bear the smart,
Ere I from thee will part,
my Turtle Dove.

Man.

Please lead thy Gold good Koss,
tho' it maintain
What canst thou wish for more,
do not complain,
Servants shall wait on thee,
I'll give thee jewels three,
That thou mayest think on me,
when I am gone.



Maid.

Your Gold I count but Dross,
when you are fled,
Your absence is my loss,
'twill strike me dead;
Servants I will have none,
When you are from me gone,
I'de rather live alone,
from company.

Man.

I am resolv'd to go,
Fortune to prove.
Advise me what to do,
my dear est Love.
For here I will not bide,
What e'er it my betide,
Heavens now me guide,
and lead the way.

Maid.

Then let me with you go,
Heart, Love, and Joy,
I will attend on you,
and be your Boy;
If you will go to Sea,
I'll serve you night and day,
For here I will not stay,
if you go hence.

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Man,

Please lead the Gold good horse,
tho' it maintain
What canst thou wish for more,
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I'll give thee jewels three,
That thou mayest think on me,
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The Seas are dangerous,
 Strangers unkind,
 The Rocks are perillous,
 So are the Wind;
 My care is all for thee,
 As thou mayest plainly see,
 Dear heart go not with me,
 but stay behind.
 Maid,

Though Seas do threaten death,
 my hearts delight,
 With thee I'll spend my breath,
 nought shall affright,
 With thee I'll live and die,
 In thy sweet company,
 Though dangers will be nigh,
 both day and night.

In mans Apparel she
 to Sea now went.
 Because with him she'd be,
 her hearts content.
 She cut her sodely hair,
 And no mistrust was there,
 That she a Maiden fair
 was at that time,

To Venice were they bound,
 with full consent,
 With sorrows compass round,
 away they went.

On an unhappy day,
 The Ship was cast away.
 Which wrought their lives decay,
 friends discontent.

The Ship being cast away,
 fortune so frowne'd:
 He swam to shore that day,
 but she was drown'd;
 O his true Love was drown'd,
 And never after found,
 And he incompass round
 with grief and care.

O cruel Seas, quoth he,
 and Rocks unkind,
 To part my Love and me,
 in love combin'd:
 O cast her one the shoare,
 I may her death deplore,
 And mourne for evermore;
 until I die.

O loyal Lovers all
 that here this Dittie,
 sigh and lament her fall
 moves you to pity.
 She lies now in the deep,
 in everlasting sleep,
 And left me here to weep
 in great distress.

Dear Love I come quoth he,
 Heavens me guide,
 I long to be with thee
 my only Bride.
 In Venice did he die,
 And there his Corps both lie,
 And left his friends to cry,
 O hone, O hone.